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VOL. XXIX.

NO. VI.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



“Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque VALESSES
Cantabunt SORORES, unanimique PATRES.”

APRIL, 1864

NEW HAVEN:
PUBLISHED AT No. 34 SOUTH MIDDLE.
City Agent, T. H. Pease.
PRINTED BY TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR.

MDCCCLXIV.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, by
S. O. DARLING, L. GREGORY, W. G. PROCK, H. M. WHITNEY, and M. H. WILLIAMS. Agents and
Trustees for the Class of '64, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Con-
necticut.]

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXIX.

APRIL, 1864.

No. 6.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '64.

S. C. DARLING,

W. G. PECK,

L. GREGORY,

H. M. WHITNEY,

M. H. WILLIAMS.

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*College Hero-Worship.*

THOMAS Carlyle begins a book, which is familiar to almost every student, by saying :

"We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our world's business, how they have shaped themselves in the world's history, what ideas men formed of them, what work they did; on Heroes, namely, and on their reception and performance,—what I call Hero-Worship and the Heroic in human affairs."

In much the same spirit, but in a much more matter-of-fact way, let us discourse here of the great men of our College world, and of how and why we bow down to them.

It was discovered, long before the days of Thomas Carlyle, that the tendency is universal among mankind to elevate the possessors of good and desirable qualities into the position of saints or demi-gods, and there to worship them with greater fervor, and yet with much greater intelligence, than were, in ancient and medieval times, any of those mediators between heaven and earth. It needs no enumera-

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tion of the different forms this Hero-worship takes, nor any labored reading of the sage of Chelsea, to convince us of the truth of the statement. It is also no new saying, that students, more than any other class of mankind, are naturally inclined to this innocent idolatry, and that they carry it to a degree which surpasses anything to be found in the outer world.

More than any other class of mankind, we say. True, that young ladies are afflicted with "brass-button-on-the-brain," as some one has funnily remarked, and that those in the country region round about, own the magic of that short word "Yale;" true, that old ladies extol the perfections of their young ministers, as long as they manifest an affectionate and faithful interest in their physical ailments; true, that the wee girl thinks her brother a young Achilles, because he can vault over the dinner-table without kicking off the dishes. So with the other sex. There is big-brother-worship, swell-worship and flirt-worship; there is the offering incense upon the altars of statesmen both great and small, of soldiers both high and low, of any who have done anything in a magnificent way. In short, a thousand constantly occurring forms of hero-worship, show us how universal is the tendency to magnify moderate into overwhelming merits, and pay constant and humble devotions at their shrine. Yet, in universality and intensity, as far as our experience goes, our College-hero-worship seems to carry off the palm.

Let us then, here, without stopping to set forth the peculiarities of our College hero-worship, find its causes, and notice the qualities that draw it forth.

The first and most evident cause is, that the College is a little world by itself. Somebody, ever so long ago, struck with the analogy, originated the expression, "our little College world." Since then, it has been handed down from one generation of students to another, until it has come to be used without any thought of the figure. Under this trite synonym, nevertheless, there is hidden a truth which will account for much that now puzzles the outer barbarians. We are indeed, collectively, a little world. In term-time, Yale is, practically, our home; if we go beyond ourselves, it is to others who are still of Yale; or, if we go beyond the College, it is only to return to our duties and pleasures here with the greater relish. Our main business is here; if we are unfaithful in the performance of its duties, we shall feel it through our lives, while devotion to that which is without will make but little difference, directly, with our future. Our sympathies and ambitions, our joys and sorrows, even our quarrels and heart-burnings, are in and

with each other, to a degree that surprises us, when we think of it. We have, then, our hero-worship in intensity, for the same reason that we intensify everything else,—because we live all we can of a life-time in a four years' course. Hence, our mighty men of worth, of wisdom and of wealth, are to us the Howards, the Websters and the Peabodys of our "imperium in imperio," or rather, of our world within a world.

This brings us to another cause of the intensity of our hero-worship. We see in each other the promise of the future. We have that immense faith that sees an embryo statesman in the author of some dull composition; an eminent divine in each of the faithful few who frequent the Class prayer-meeting, and in some of those who do not; a world-renowned geologist in him who can tell a brachiopod from a marsupial, without looking in the book. So with all the professions. We feel as Gulliver might have felt in setting out for Lilliput,—that just now we are all of a height, but that bye-and-bye we shall be giants, to which astonished multitudes shall look up. This vanity of our order has some good and some bad effects. As connected with our subject, it wonderfully helps this spirit of hero-worship, making us value men not only for what they are, but for what they give promise of for the future.

It is manifest that there is a strong tendency encouraging to hero-worship, in the fact that we are just stepping into manhood. Young men cannot be together in any number without being extreme in their loves and in their hates, in their wise acts and in their foolish ones, in their language and in their thoughts,—without, in short, pushing everything that is distinctively student, and much that is common to all mankind, to the farthest possible limit. This is a peculiar trait of young men,—it is the especially peculiar trait of a great number of young men of the same age, working together for like objects, with strong sympathies and antipathies, with the world just opening before them, and with the happiness and misery of the future dependent very much on their own present efforts and their associates' influence.

There are many minor causes which help in fostering this spirit of hero-worship among us.

Now, what do we worship?

The qualities that enter into the character of our model idol may be reduced to three. They are refinement of heart, talent, money; or, to put them in another form, heart-wealth, head-wealth, hand-wealth; or, again, by the New Testament classification, graces, gifts, gold. They are the same with those of the worshiped hero of the world at

large. They call forth, respectively, our love, our admiration, our felicitation. Money is not strictly a quality, but we make it so in practice, and, at any rate, will call it so at present. The worship of power, being wholly selfish, does not properly come under our subject, which regards the College-hero only as an idol, and not as some beneficent Jove, distributing rewards upon those who, in serene expectation of the future, bow down before his exaltation, and faithfully do his every behest.

Of these three qualities, refinement of heart includes refinement of manner, which is its child, and is as worthless as it is rare, without its parent. It includes that delicate sense of the fitness of things, that nice regard for the feelings of others, that high sense of honor, that purity of mind, indeed, all those noble qualities that we class under "that grand old name of gentleman." Money may give a man opportunities for good or evil, for happiness or misery; talent may stand ready to push him to the height of the one or to the depth of the other, but with refinement of heart he can never go far astray. Such men as Tom Moore and Robert Burns, although seeming exceptions, are, nevertheless, convincing proofs of the fact. It need hardly be said, that the highest form of this most excellent of all qualities is, that in which it is enriched by a Christian principle, which pervades and inspires the whole life, making it a power for good and crowning every kindly endeavor with a worthy end. It is this quality of the College hero that calls forth our love. Let us be duly grateful to the Maker of our frame, that, as it is the best, so it is in greater or less degree the most common of the qualities, and that any man may, by earnest endeavor, attain to it.

Talent stands next in importance to refinement of heart. Except for its improvement, the individual deserves no credit for it. It is purely a gift, and human merit and demerit lie in the faithful cultivation of what each one has. Yet it is both natural and right that we should give it great consideration in our estimate of character. It includes scholarship, literary ability, whether of thinking, writing, or speaking, what we call "genius" in every form,—from boating, or other our-door exercise, across the list, to even the art of illuminating a book with droll pictures. It includes the powers to command, to judge, to think, to act, and a hundred others like them. It is to talent, perhaps, that we pay the greater devotion in our words, although the silent but more eloquent tribute of our thoughts and actions is paid in greater degree to refinement of heart. The fact is, we pay but little homage

to abstract goodness, and it has few opportunities to become concrete. The pure heroic is unknown among us; if it made its appearance, we should not recognize it, except, perhaps, by its resemblance to what we have read of in books. However ardent we may be on entering College, it is only the most irrepressible of us that graduate with the Quixotic idea that it is our duty to run a tilt with every retainer of Error, and break spears recklessly for Truth. We devote ourselves to two great objects, study and loafing,—the proportion of each according to our tastes. Everything else is a bore, and they are bores, too. We trace everything to selfish motives, as a matter of course, and, if we do not find such a motive for some action, we know better than to suppose that it was done from sheer disinterestedness. Now, the talent that triumphs over, and by, these ways of ours, wins our worship just in proportion to the completeness of its victory. We may feel in some degree the force of the proverb, that “familiarity breeds contempt,” we may even fight our idol on some party issue, with all the ardor of the iconoclasts of old; yet, in our inmost hearts, we still secretly bow at his shrine and offer upon it the grateful incense of praise and faithful adherence.

Refinement of heart we appreciate most highly in a Classmate,—talent most highly in one who is a year or two in advance of us. Talent calls forth our admiration, but never our love; refinement of heart reaches our love through our admiration. The relation of talent to hero-worship is a very interesting subject, and well worthy of a more extended investigation than we have time to give it.

Money, in our estimate of a man, has an influence which cannot be denied. Yet, at first thought, we shrink instinctively from the idea. There is no merit in the possession of money; of all human advantages, it is the one most completely due to causes apart from ourselves. It is discouraging that so much should be due to that which lies so utterly beyond ourselves; it is a matter of congratulation that it is the least important of the three, and that without the other two it is worthless, save only as it makes the failure of the life more signal and instructive. Any regard paid to it as other than a means to the highest ends, is as wrong as it is injurious. The satirist could ask no fairer mark for his wit than the idolaters who, even in this venerable home of reason and religion, lead lives of devotion to their god Mammon, which, for consistency, put the Christian to the blush at the comparison. Perhaps our Thackeray will some day come. Perhaps our Elijah will yet meet the prophets of Baal and destroy them.



Had we time to go into the matter, we might trace the practical working of hero-worship and its results, both good and evil,—especially as bearing upon our life in College, and in the world beyond this College square. Perhaps some College Thomas Carlyle will yet write the book of it, which will be more interesting than the “Hero-worship” of the world at large, just in proportion as its field is smaller.

Let us all hope that the Carlyle, the Hughes, the Thackeray, and the Charles Lamb of Yale, may come before our names are sunk into the monumental marble.

H. M. W.

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### The Folly of Arrogance.

WHEN any institution rests at all upon the forbearance or indifference of men, or depends in any respect upon their credulity and curiosity, the plainest dictates of policy point out to its supporters a course of reticence, caution and modesty.

Especially, where the open exercise of power must stir up resentment, awaken opposition, and provoke investigation, the prudent manager will carefully avoid its use, except upon undoubted justification, and as a last resort. Even where superior abilities and education are backed by a decided preponderance of force, a well-organized oligarchy will strive to conceal its authority by gentleness, and to cloak its arrogance with condescension. Certainly, then, an association numbering but a few men, whose claims to aristocracy are a standing appeal to the ill-will of a large majority of their fellows, is already under heavy bonds to keep the peace, and requires of its members an extraordinary degree of judgment and circumspection.

Against Secret Societies in College we entertain no radical objection. On the contrary, many valuable ends are undoubtedly subserved by those at Yale, and probably no one of them, if greatly abused, could long survive. The popular prejudice against them is narrow and ignorant. Men have a right to unite together on the principle of elective affinity; to meet where, when and how they will, provided they break no law, and to make any rule they please binding on themselves, provided they do not infringe upon the rights of others. But we insist that the sphere of such associations in College is no wider

than themselves and that, as Societies, they have nothing to do with the election of public officers, the conduct of public periodicals, or the reputation of private individuals. Particularly, if any one society claims to be far beyond and above all-else, it should show its sincerity by refraining from contact, much more from interference, with all-else; and if it asks of College the privilege of being let entirely alone, it should admit and act upon the reciprocal duty of letting College alone. We would not be understood as objecting to the predominant influence and power among us of the best and strongest men. On the contrary, we regard it as one of the worst effects of the intermeddling of Societies with elections, that the most worthy men can rarely secure due recognition, but are cut off from promotion by intrigue and jealousy. It is clear, however, that the claims of individual merit are purely personal, and its title to admiration and precedence derived from Nature alone. Whenever, therefore, such men combine together in an organization to enforce their advancement and influence, this amounts to a renunciation of desert as the ground of reliance, and if one of them is put forward as the champion of this organization, he cannot, as such, justly expect any greater consideration than is accorded to the Society itself. Accordingly, though Secret Societies are good and useful in their place, and though the best men ought to rule everywhere, irrespective of social distinctions, yet, when any Society manifestly uses its own superior prestige, and the personal influence and ability of its members, to concentrate in the hands of a few irresponsible men a power incompatible with the freedom and the safety of higher interests, it behooves the prudent firmly to set their face against such encroachments, undeterred by threats or persuasions on the one hand, or by the fear of being misunderstood on the other.

" We must not stint  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censors."

And should the members of such society, at last, abandoning, as no longer necessary, its mask of secrecy, attempt to assert its preëminence by a forcible attack upon some other institution, valuable as the guardian of many and varied interests, then no tie of personal friendship, or scruple of social courtesy, should prevent men from making such preparations for resistance as may most commend themselves to their judgment and resolution.

It may be thought that we are imagining an extreme case, but we have high authority for asserting that there is a liability to such ac-

tions even in institutions containing men of high character. We quote from Lieber.\*

"The institution is the opposite of subjective conception, individual disposition and mere personal bias. The institution implies organic action. In this lies, not only its capacity of perpetuating principles and of insuring continuous, homogeneous and expansive action, but also its great power, its grandeur, its danger and its mischief, according to its original character and its inherent principle. \* \* \* If the institution is intrinsically bad, or contains vicious principles, it lends additional and fearful power to the evil element within it, and gives a proportionate scope to its calamitous influence. If it be established in a sphere in which the subjective ought to prevail, it becomes an agent of ruin, by making the objective prevail more than is desirable, or by making the *annihilation of individuality* one of its very objects. \* \* \* Whenever men allow themselves to glide into the belief that moral responsibility can be ought else than individual, and that responsibility is divisible, provided many perform but one act; whenever the esprit du corps prevails over the moral consciousness of man, which is inseparable from his individuality, the institution gives a vigor to that which is unhallowed and unattainable by the individual. The institution is, like every union of men, subject to the all-pervading elementary law of moral reduplication, which consists in this, that any number of united individuals moved by the same impulse, conviction or desire, whether good or bad, will countenance and impel each other to far better or far worse acts, and will develop in each other the powers for the specific good or evil, in a far greater extent, than would have been possible in each separate individual. \* \* \* If an institution is founded on a vicious principle, or *if a bad impulse has seized it for a time*, it will not only add to the evil force according to the general law of moral reduplication, but lend additional strength by the force of its organization and the continuity of its action. Members of an institution will do that which, singly, they would never have dared to perpetrate."

No more startling illustration of the truth of these words could be found, than the events which have transpired in our own College within a few weeks past. We have heretofore refrained from commenting upon the matter, but now that the excitement which for a time convulsed the College world has, in some measure, died away, we should all consider the matter in the light of a calm, clear and unprejudiced judgment.

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\* Vide Civil Liberty, Chapter xxv, pp. 315, 316

Most of our readers are aware of the circumstances which have called forth this article; of the seizure and mutilation of the first edition of the February issue of the "Lit.," by two of the Editors, ostensibly on account of personalities upon a fellow-member of their society, in a certain article upon the meanness of toadying and bullying. Who may be most justly accused of personality, those who condemn meanness in general, or those who make the application to a particular individual, is a question we leave for those most concerned to decide; but no one conversant with the circumstances doubts, that the professed motive of the act was a mere pretext, deceiving no one, except perhaps the actors themselves. Had they not imagined that the article referred to contained a covert allusion to their society, or had it obviously applied to some one not a member, no one believes that they would have thought that the claims of friendship demanded so violent an assertion. Nor, in such a case, would there have been occasion for special meetings of the Society, such as were held just before and after this occurrence; nor for the interested interposition and expostulation of graduate members; nor would there have been means or motive for starting a new Magazine, by which members, removed from office in the old board, might hope to resume the control of the College periodical. But it is needless to multiply proofs of the *animus* of this act. It is enough to say that, by it, the members of that Society exhibited a degree of arrogance which forced, fairly and squarely, upon the College world the alternative, either of entire submission or energetic resistance.

It would be an insult to the manhood of Yalensians to doubt for an instant what, under such circumstances, would be the decision, especially after the full vindication which the independence of the "Lit." has received from the Senior Class.

It is now our purpose to show, *in general*, the folly of such arrogance as has been exhibited, and the inevitable results of persisting in it, to the end that we may, if possible, persuade to repentance before it is too late. Had the frog, in Æsop's fable, who tried to swell himself to the size of the bull, been blessed with some kind monitor, like ourselves, to warn him of the consequences, it is to be presumed that he never would have kept up the process of inflation to the bursting point.

There are several important respects in which an act of usurpation, like the recent one, cannot fail to react disastrously upon any Society which is guilty of, or endorses it.

In the first place, it violates that strict secrecy which is, oftentimes,

its principal fortress of strength. So long as the members of any organization make a show of having, in common, something altogether superhuman and extra-mundane, the principle "*Omne ignotum pro mirifico*" attracts the curious and creates an awful reverence in the minds of the uninitiated; but, if it once shows that its plane of Society action is on the same level with that of other College associations, the charm vanishes. The mystic bubble, glittering with all the colors of the rainbow, is a miracle, until you know that you have but to touch it, to see it shrink to a dirty ooze of common soap-suds.

We recollect having once heard a story which furnishes so good a parallel to what we sometimes see among ourselves, that we will venture to repeat it.

The actors concerned were of the "inquisitive sex," it is true, but no student of Yale will be apt to claim that we masculines are entirely destitute of this same element of curiosity. The incident occurred in a Female Seminary. Three of the young ladies, superior to most in maturity and brilliancy, formed a "cozy-ship." They used to withdraw into corners and whisper mysteriously to each other; they were often absent from their associates, holding their secret conclaves. At first they were simply opposed and ridiculed, but they kept quietly on their way, ignoring all that was said or done before them in regard to the matter.

This mysterious conduct had a strange fascination. Gradually, opposition and ridicule died away, for want of something to work upon. To these succeeded curiosity; then wonder; finally, a profound and almost superstitious respect. All the other girls were dying (boarding school formula) to discover the secret. They attempted it by every possible means. They questioned, they watched, they peeped. One of the sisterhood could not open her desk without a dozen little heads popping up behind her; she could not read an innocent note, without prying eyes looking over her shoulder; but all this was of no avail. The weeks came and went, and still the riddle was unsolved. No Sphinx was ever enveloped in a more profound mystery than were these three innocent school-girls of the Nineteenth Century. At length the end of the term arrived; these ladies were to leave the school, and as a parting legacy to their younger friends they were to bequeath their secret. All the girls were on the tip-toe of expectation; they assembled with eager eyes and bated breath; the more timid were pale with anticipation of something horrible, and even the boldest could not entirely conceal their nervousness. A mysterious box was brought slowly and solemnly in. Each one held her breath as the cover was

removed and the secret disclosed. Behold it; *three empty cologne bottles*, snugly packed in pink cotton. The moral of our tale is too evident to be attached.

To return to our subject. In the second place, such an act of usurpation, as we have been considering, absolves outsiders from all obligations to respect the secrecy of a Society. So long as members show, in a gentlemanly way, that any subject is disagreeable to them, other gentlemen, without caring to inquire into the reason, or unreason, of the feeling, will respect it; but when by an act of forcible aggression against the rights of persons, the dignity of office, the independence of the press, and the usages of society, they demonstrate that they are actuated by a spirit of domination, and that they claim as a *right*, what has heretofore been accorded to them as a *courtesy*, then, we say, that they must be held to have voluntarily forfeited all claim to forbearance and dragged their Society into the arena of public criticism.

Indeed, this effect of their action is already apparent. For seven years the literary organs of College have been under a control which has gagged every utterance upon a subject of interest and importance in our student-life. As an instance of this, many of our readers will recollect that a news article in the "University Quarterly," containing matter simply statistical and of public notoriety, was stealthily mutilated by men of the same stripe and acting in the same interest. Now, however, by their own folly, this control has passed from their hands. We trust and believe that the students of Yale will never again come under such a despotism, but will entrust their public positions to men who both can and dare say what they really think.

Thirdly, such an act discloses the tyranny which a Society may, and sometimes does, exercise over its members. To those who have witnessed for three years the embarrassment of sworn silence, the compulsory toleration of other members, no matter of what character, the strangled disappointment in the election of new members, and the enforced unity (often extremely distasteful) in all matters of College interest, this is not wholly a new discovery. But that an act like this, so severely condemned by outsiders, should, by members, be unanimously sustained, proves a degree of constraint which few have heretofore suspected. Whether honorable men will be any the more likely, for this knowledge, to join a cabal which makes them slaves to itself, and may require them to be strangers to all else, is a question which we deem it unnecessary to discuss.

Fourthly, the resistance and contempt of all College has been aroused against the arrogance of Society pretensions; we say of So-

ciety pretensions, for no one has been, for one moment, deceived by the attempt to cover Society agency by avowals of personal responsibility. It is impossible to doubt what were the motives which impelled the gentlemen to their action. We have no other feelings towards them than profound pity and regret; pity that they should have voluntarily subjected themselves to the sway of such influences, and regret that they should have so greatly mistaken the true interests of the Society for which they acted.

We hope that there will be no personal resentment felt towards the gentlemen who have been placed in so unfortunate a position. Their previous character for courtesy compels us to credit them with sincerity and some sort of sense of duty, albeit unintelligible to ourselves.

But the presence among us of an organization of such able men, putting forth such extravagant pretensions, recognizing such a singular code of ethics, and sanctioning such unmistakable acts of usurpation, ought to make us watchful for the protection of all the true interests of Yale. This is rendered the more necessary, by the fact that the Faculty is being filled with graduate members of the same Association, whose allied influence and power will ere long suffice to overwhelm, if not to quench, the spirit of manliness among the students, unless all opposing influences be kept pure and free.

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### Under the Rainbow.

Men, with souls of love and pity,  
For the poor man's weal, have made,  
In the hot street of the city,  
Lovingly, a glassy glade;  
Like a meadow in the forest,  
But without the forest shade.

And they've brought the water over  
From the valley far away,  
Where it flowed through fields of clover  
Gliding seaward all the day;

In the marble's round they've shut it  
And have left it there to play.

You can see the gold-fish glancing,  
Each at will or in a crowd,  
Or, what time the fountain's dancing  
Makes the mimic billow loud,  
Dimly seen, like morning sunlight  
Flashing o'er some fainting cloud.

Here the plashing of the fountain  
Whisp'reth evermore a tale  
Of the falls far up the mountain,  
Of the music in that dale,  
Where the light winds wake the ripple  
Round the lily-chalice pale.

Slowly past the fountain drifting,  
All the day so hot and long,  
I have watched the ever-shifting,  
Ever restless, motley throng;  
—Woman lost, with half-heard sighing,  
—Happy child, with half-heard song.

Men with burdens, beggars whining,  
Singers chanting doggerel rhymes,  
Stately brows in thought declining,  
Faces bronzed in other climes;  
All the day I watch and read them,  
Bright with virtues, dark with crimes.—

And the faun, forever kneeling  
Where the waters mount on high,  
In his marble eyes revealing  
Laughter as the throng goes by,  
Laughs perchance as now he whispers  
Tales of woodland mystery.

They too smile, those hearts so weary,  
When they see that merry sight;  
While along the faces dreary  
Comes a gleam of holy light;  
And the rainbow of the fountain  
Maketh all the dark throng bright.

S. M.



### A Word about Thackeray.

FEW of us as there are, who will listen patiently to disagreeable truths, there are still less who will tell them fearlessly. For, let an honest tongue startle our conventional ears, and it awakes not only the sneers of the rebuked, but, strange to say, accusations of captiousness from those who might be considered its natural aids.

We will chat for half an evening comfortably, concerning the vices of the South, but mention a fault in the tone of my city, and I coldly bid you "good night."

Tell a self-constituted aristocrat on this side of the water, the famous reply of Lord Brougham to a snobbish nobleman, who alluded in a speech to the minister's humble origin—"It is true, my Lords, that my grandfather was a barber; but in answer to the noble and learned lord who has dwelt upon that fact, I would merely say, that if his grandfather had been a barber, he would have been a barber too."

Tell your aristocrat this story, and he will laugh, but speak slightly of the claims of some old and musty family in the neighborhood, and see if the smile does not contract to an expression of unpleasant wonder. Find fault with something, and your hearers, if they are not among the guilty, are apt either to depreciate the value of your attack, or to fear to unite with you in taking up the cudgels. Another class, and a very large one, will cudgel away at evil to your heart's content, but if your wit uses the whip or the knife, with not one cut will they sympathize. From this last class come the leading opponents of Thackeray; the others, as they will always do, follow behind.

In one of the numerous articles which have recently appeared on the writings and character of Thackeray, the following sentence occurs: "It is hard to have any serious affection for such a man, perhaps hard to have it for any satirist whatever." Would the author have all our preaching done through white neck-cloths? Shall not the arrows of wit assist the Christian as he goes forth in his armor against the foe? Thackeray in all his writings has plainly exposed and sharply rebuked the vices, great and petty, of Society. So all moralists try to do—but his weapon is satire—and the holy must be horrified. When he speaks of the good, he is most reverent, kind and charming, but he tells of so much evil that he is accused of believing that "we are *all* going to the devil."

Why is it that the satirist is not loved as a benefactor? Because his humor is not appreciated, and his motives are over-looked. Superficial people say every day that "surgeons become cold and heartless." Shall I then, because of the sharp knife and undisturbed nerves of him who saves my life, forget my gratitude, forget the struggles he has suffered within himself, forget the great, kind motive which has led him to control the expression of his emotions, that he might do me good? The satirist bears a knife and a God-given skill to use it. But if he stops after every cut, to press the patient's hand, if he drops his instrument to wipe away tears of sympathy, the operation will be worse than useless. Oh! ye gentlemen—and ye ladies too, (how unjust you are to him—read his "Mr. Brown's Letters," and abuse him no more)—who long for more "good characters" from Thackeray's pen, you forget that the satirist has not time enough to satisfy you.

"Folly and vice of every sort and kind  
"That wound our reason or debase our mind,  
"All that deserves our laughter or our hate,  
"To biting satire's province do relate."

Could your surgeon spend the morning with you, he would put away his tools, take your children on his knee and be as hearty a friend as you desire, but he is called to the next house, and then the town is full of broken legs. You cannot blame him for sawing all day, and if he does it with a smile, what harm is there in it? He knows that it will cheer many, and baffle sickness which other medicine cannot reach. Those who don't understand it, wonder, and then, with a sigh for the cold-blooded creature, forget him.

How can men of any wit do otherwise than applaud the use of the powerful sense of humor as a means to serious moral ends? We who enjoy satire and know that it improves us, will go to church with you on Sunday, will worship with you—nay, many of our number will preach—and that very well too; we will sing hymns and read serious discourses with you every day in the week. But if our friend Thackeray enters, who has taught us and many a young man not to be snobbish, fast and hypocritical, but to seek for kindness, virtue and honor, you shudder and depart. Why? Do you call him uncharitable and trifling because he says "snobbish" instead of "proud and ungodly," because he alludes to "swells" instead of "those clothed in purple and fine linen,"—because he speaks of "bon vivants" instead of "sinners yearning after the flesh-pots of Egypt?" And is he a cynic because he does all this with a smile? You may not enjoy the storm, but the lightning of wit and its grumbling thunder clear our moral

atmosphere. One of Mr. Thackeray's newly born newspaper critics observes, "It is hard to feel a love for the women of Thackeray's painting; if clever, they are bad; and if good, they are weak. Did you ever want your daughters educated in the company of my lady Castlewood, or even of Ethel?" Does Thackeray, let me ask, wish you to love those women, or to educate your daughters so? Does he not rather stand at the door of the drawing-room with you and, pointing out evils and temptations, say seriously, "Beware;" and is the effect of this dispelled the next moment when he laughs and jokes instead of button-holing you for a lugubrious homily? Don't you perceive that your son has taken a liking to the pleasant moralist, which for some reason he never seemed to cherish toward Deacon Bluenose, who forbade his smiling on Sunday? And though Mr. T. has told him much about the world which the Deacon never dreamed of, hasn't the young fellow manifested more wisdom lately than he used to have? Again, the fact that Thackeray in his novels has not drawn a woman who satisfies us, would by no means prove that he did not fully acknowledge and appreciate true womanly excellence, even if he had not written "Some more words about the ladies."

Are you not yet satisfied? My dear Madam, read Thackeray's own words, when speaking of "Charity and Humor," \* \* \* "Humor is wit and love. \* \* \* This love does not demand constant utterance or actual expression; as a good father in conversation with his children or wife, is not perpetually embracing them, or making protestations of his love; as a lover in the society of his mistress is not, at least as far as I am led to believe, forever squeezing her hand, or sighing in her ear, "My soul's darling, I adore you!"

In writing of Swift, he says,—"If I do not love Swift, as, thank God, I do not, however immensely I may admire him, it is because I revolt from the man who placards himself as a professional hater of his own kind; because he chisels his savage indignation on his tombstone, as if to perpetuate his protest against being born of a race, the suffering, the weak, the erring, the wicked, if you will, but still the friendly, the loving children of God our Father; it is because, as I read through Swift's dark volumes, I never find the aspect of nature seems to delight him; the smiles of children to please him; the sight of wedded love to soothe him."

Call you this man, "the Swift of our day," "the Machiavelli of sentiment, of honor, of society?" Will you acknowledge him to have been a generous father, a true friend, a liberal alms-giver, and still say that he gives no evidence of this in his books? Remember Thack-

eray's words when speaking of the "satiric mask,"—"Its distortions appal many simple spectators ; its settled sneer or laugh is unintelligible to thousands who have not the wit to interpret the meaning of the vizored satirist preaching from within."

I cannot close more suitably than by quoting, with reference to our author, his praise of others of his profession—"Besides contributing to our stock of happiness, to our harmless laughter and amusement, to our scorn for falsehood and pretension, to our righteous hatred of hypocrisy, to our education in the perception of truth, our love of honesty, our knowledge of life, and shrewd guidance through the world ; have not our humorous writers, our gay but kind week-day preachers, done much in support of that holy cause \* \* the cause of love and charity, the cause of the poor, the weak, and the unhappy ; the sweet mission of love and tenderness, and peace and good will towards men ? That same theme which is urged upon you by the eloquence and example of good men to whom you are delighted listeners on Sabbath days, is taught in his way, and according to his power, by the humorous writer, the commentator on everyday life and manners."

Thackeray's work in the war with evil is done. He has fought valiantly, but with the shout of victory comes the wail of sorrow. Yet there is no discord. We may glory as we weep. He will lead us no more, but can we forget his battle cry, or lose the ground he has secured ? We turn back from his grave to the work of life, but he is not forgotten. His spirit still moves in his bright words, to warn and cheer us ; and we thank God that such a man has lived. C. E. G.

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### Our Five Weeks at Plaquemine.

ONE pleasant winter's afternoon, near the close of the year 1862, we found ourselves at Plaquemine, La., a little old French town on the western bank of the Mississippi, twenty miles below Baton Rouge. We were there in a military capacity, and this is how we got there. We had been at Baton Rouge and there were undisturbed. But our rebel friends persisted in haunting the shores of the river below, and firing upon crowded transports, especially from the neighborhood of

Plaquemine. Therefore Plaquemine must be occupied, and accordingly a part of a New York Regiment, under command of its Major, was stationed there. He thought he heard the enemy about and sent for reinforcements. We were ordered to go. He became alarmed; was sure the enemy were planting heavy guns near by; had'n't any artillery himself, and, without waiting for our arrival, abandoned his stores, hurried himself and his four hundred men on board a gunboat, and started with them for New Orleans. On arriving opposite the town, we saw no signs of an encampment, and, accordingly, in obedience to a signal from our attendant gunboat, continued on down the river, until one of the wheels of the steamer was smashed by some driftwood, an accident which left us pretty much at the mercy of the current.

After some trouble we reached the shore and tied up to a stump for the night, threw out a picket, and, guarded by our gunboat, slept without fear. The next morning we reached Donaldsonville, where we found our New York friends, who warmly expressed their delight at having reached a place of safety. One of their officers expressed an opinion that a thousand men with a battery of artillery might, with the aid of the gunboats, hold the place. Whereat we began to think that we should go back to Baton Rouge again and not encounter such tremendous odds with our two hundred men who had never faced an enemy. But, early the next morning, our Lieutenant Colonel arrived with orders to occupy Plaquemine and hold it at all hazards. Thereat we began to brace ourselves to the "man-ennobling conflict;" fixed new caps upon our muskets; thought on "*dulce et decorum, &c.,*" and, concluding that our patriotism was hardly up to that standard, turned to our hard-tack and cold potatoes for consolation. Probably, it was as well for us that the enemy didn't know our strength, for when we tried our new muskets for the first time, a few days later, we succeeded in getting off only about three out of fifty.

As we neared the place some of the more illiterate privates tried practicing on the name. Was it Pluggermin or Plaguey mean, or something else? No one however made the mistake of one of our Massachusetts deacons, a decided abolitionist withal, who on being asked "What do you think of Plaquemine, Deacon?" responded, "Black women? Oh! I think that God made them black, and they ain't to blame for it."

We landed and stationed the picket around the town. I do not say we were without fear. We knew nothing of the ground, had within our lines a compact and populous village, with but a small force. The probabilities were that if an attack was made at all, it would be that night.

For a few days we used our tents. Then, finding some unoccupied houses, we garrisoned them, and, during the rest of our stay, indulged in pleasant quarters and good fires.

Fences always present peculiar attractions to soldiers, especially when the weather is cold or there is any occasion for the preparation of food. There is something very agreeable in a bright fire; consequently, there were several unfenced lots in Plaquemine at the time we left.

We had a Captain, a dapper little fellow, who had left the pulpit for the army, and who, like little men generally, was very fussy. One night, when in command of the picket, he awoke the reserve, assuring them in a hoarse whisper, that he knew the enemy were planting artillery upon an island opposite, to shell the head-quarters of the picket; at the same time ordering them to get up, go out the back door, and stand behind the house; whether to hold it up in case a shot should strike it, he did not deign to say. A narrow bayou flowed around the island, said to be without a bridge and certainly very deep and with a very swift current. Whereat the Captain thought that they must have swum a mule across, with a small cannon strapped to his back, and so gravely informed his men. Neither enemy, cannon, or mule appeared, but the morning light showed two or three wild-looking calves which had been wandering about in the bushes by night. As a fortification, the captain strengthened the levee by placing in position upon its top, inverted hog-troughs, the sides of which, having been cut out in places to allow more ready access to their food in behalf of the porcine quadrupeds, furnished excellent loop-holes. Lying stretched at full length, the pickets were observable cautiously peeping through the loop-holes at the wondering beasts on the other side.

Another officer of the same rank, attracted attention by his orthography, of which the following is a genuine specimen:—

"pleas pas charles smith outside the regimental lines to git his beaots menddid to be goen 3 ours."

No date was affixed.

We trust that we shall not offend that fine moral sense of honesty so peculiar to the students of Old Yale, when we admit that in those days we sometimes confiscated things. "Non-Coms," appeared at late hours of the evening, sucking their fingers, and telling thrilling stories of overturned bee hives. Privates were detailed to help the cooks pick the chickens which a short time previous had reposed quietly and confidingly upon secesh perches. In case the owner came to protest, he was halted at a safe distance and ordered to bring out a lantern to

assist in the work of supplying forage for the army. If he talked of complaining to officers, he was invited to call around on Co. I., of the —th Maine, next morning, with assurances that he should receive satisfaction. After a few repetitions of this advice, which was generally followed, the veterans of the Down East regiment began to suspect that the nine-months-men were, in army phrase, "roughing it on them."

Sugar was plenty and easily procured. Our company of fifty men, made way with fifteen hundred pounds during their five weeks stay, and others rivaled them. The skill and promptness with which the guard was bamboozled one night, and 1200 pounds of sugar transferred from a hogshead to numerous hard-tack boxes and barrels, and these securely stowed away in safety from official search, was worthy of the highest praise, and a cause of joy to every loyal heart. The whole operation was performed within fifteen minutes, and the empty hogshead floated off, bobbing up and down on the muddy waters of the Bayou Plaquemine.

Moreover there was poultry in that land and, for a wonder, it was fat. Never nobler fowls grew than stalked about the homes of the wealthy cane-planters across the bayou. Foraging parties came in day after day followed by a great crowd of Ethiopians released from bondage and carrying a hundred head of chickens, turkies, geese, and ducks, with eggs, butter, milk, &c., in proportion. In case the party captured more than could be well carried, the former owner was instructed to send a darkey or two to assist in the process. The matter of return was left optional with the sable individual.

We manufactured fresh beef and pork to order, from the best available material in the fields and brought joy to the Dutch gardeners in the neighborhood, by purchasing their vegetables and paying them in "salt-horse" and swine. We bartered hard-tack for hoe-cakes, and managed to get a very tolerable supply of sweet potatoes by confiscation.

Sable dames of large experience superintended the roasting of our turkeys until they were done to a turn, and the somewhat remarkable order in the Revised Regulations for the army to have "Roast Beef" at 12.30 was verified *occasionally* in our case.

Our head quarters, during the latter part of our stay, were in the bar room of an old coffee house where we found a stove, built raised bunks, and slept soundly with knapsacks for pillows and haversacks full of sugar at our feet. We made candy in those days, and boiled down the sugar into a syrup more palatable than New Orleans molasses.

There were many darkies, so called, in Plaquemine, though at least nine out of ten showed a mixture of white blood, and varied in hue from the darkest Congo to the purest Circassian, from the woolly thick-lipped negro to the straight-haired girl in whom you could see no trace of an African stain and with beauty enough to make her a belle in a Northern city. Some of our men indulged occasionally in a dance with these maidens, with considerable zest, if the remark of one of the latter may be received as evidence: "I always like to dance with the big sergeant, Cause he hugs me so."

Was it possible, that living such a life we should not forget the hardships of war and regain the flesh which our hardships at the outset had cost us; that we should even become Aldermanic, and begin to doubt the capacity even of loose army clothing to contain our expanded frames? that some men boasted of an improvement of twenty pounds or more during their stay? that, when snatched from that halcyon clime, the writer was congratulating himself on a steady and permanent increase of one half pound per diem? Sugar and fat chickens are very nutritious.

It is impossible, in an article like this, to give more than a mere glance at army life. But it has its bright pages, dedicated to active fun, which are as worthy of immortality as those of different shade. Nearly every soldier experiences something of them. To us it was given to look back to our five weeks at Plaquemine as the pleasantest episode of our life while connected with the Nineteenth Army Corps.

A. R. P.

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## Our Legislative System.

THE lack of interest which characterizes our public Societies, has been a theme productive of much private conversation and many an article for the pages of the Lit. Earnest men in every class have cast the weight of individual effort in favor of reform, while enthusiastic graduates, in occasional visits to the meetings of Brothers or Linonia, have uttered a sorrowful protest, as they contrasted the present apathy with the traditional glory of "twenty years since." Theory after theory



for remedying the evil has been proposed to the College world, but all in vain. "They have died a borning," if I may be allowed to use a Scotch idiom. It is not my purpose to recapitulate these, or to philosophise upon the causes of the decay which they aimed to obviate.

Admitting the fact, that lack of interest and apathy have long been the characteristics of our Societies, I wish simply to inquire into the merits of the Legislative System lately introduced into practice, and, by a comparison of its workings, to judge of the wisdom and expediency of its adoption.

The idea of incorporating a Legislative System, was developed by the exertions of one of the Faculty, who fully realized the fact and the evils of the depreciation of literary opportunities and the congealing influence of apathetic indifference, and who was equally conscious of the great benefit which might be derived from the Societies, were their capabilities fully exercised. From the record of past failures, none of the old methods could be employed with any prospect of success. It was manifestly desirable to adopt some system whose combination of merit and novelty might favorably impress the members, and secure prompt and immediate coöperation from a large proportion of those who had hitherto stood aloof. There was need of something comprehending a radical change. The organization of the past may have contained all the elements of activity, but the attendant circumstances were such as to narrow all the good results to an exceedingly small compass. If any reform, therefore, was to be made, it was, at the least, advisable to attempt something feasible and radical. The plan finally adopted was, to substitute a "Legislative Session," in place of the regular debate.

This system was to be modeled as nearly as possible upon the practice of legislative bodies, and particularly that of Congress. The two Societies were to be coördinate branches of legislation, each empowered to deliberate and decide upon the final action of the other. Resolutions of various character were to be introduced and discussed, and all the forms of legislative assemblies were to be carried out as closely as possible.

The peculiarity of circumstances prevented the system from being adopted in all its completeness. For instance, in order to the further perfection of the scheme, it was necessary to establish, instead of two coördinate Houses, something corresponding to the Senate and House of Representatives. One body should have certain larger powers than the other, in accordance with principles evolved by experience, and by which our American systems are uniformly regulated. Now, it is evi-

dent, at a glance, that the spirit and pride of either Society would have uttered a decided protest against allowing the other Society to fill the position of Senate, to its own exclusion. The assumed superiority would speedily provoke mutual recrimination and discussion. There must be two Senates. This was a theoretical defect in the system, but was, practically, of no importance. For the present state of the organization presents sufficient opportunity for action towards the ultimate end of the system.

Another apparent defect is, the want of an executive to lend dignity to the general plan and, by his signature, to legalize such resolutions as may have passed both branches. To make a *fac simile* of the model, this creation of an executive, in whom the affirmative and negative power must be centered, is certainly necessary. But, like the former idea, however theoretically necessary to the symmetry of the plan this may have been, we see its practical inexpediency and infeasibility. Such was the plan adopted at the beginning of the Winter term; a plan combining the organization and practice of general legislative assemblies, the two features just mentioned being alone excepted.

Now, what are the intrinsic merits of the plan which recommend its introduction among us?

Two prominent ones are at once suggested.

1. It awakens and supports individual interest, by giving variety to the subject matter, and to the discussion of the same.

It is evident to all that the old system of debating only a single question throughout the entire session, produced and evinced a great lack of interest. But few men participated in the discussion, and the debate lingered along without one spark of enthusiasm to characterize either speaker or hearer. Statues preached to dead walls. Enthusiasm, in most instances, is largely dependent on sympathy. When an orator has a topic on which he knows his audience to be interested, either to a greater or less degree, he naturally rises with his subject, and infuses into his argument all the energy of which his mind is capable, and this very action on his part either strengthens similar convictions in his hearers, or puts opposing minds to thinking how his positions, thus vigorously defended, may be best overthrown.

But when there is no display of interest in presenting the claims of any subject, it cannot be denied that the mass of hearers will vote the whole thing a bore. This was one strong argument by which members justified their absence from the meetings. They said, "Why do you ask us to go up to the halls and listen to three or four dull speak-

ers upon a dry question about which we know nothing and care less? We shall gain no information and experience no pleasure in hearing these men speak, and we are not very anxious to get up on the floor and give others the chance to make the same remarks about us. We can make a far better investment of our time and talent, by getting up a little private debate with some vigorous thinker, as, seated in our own rooms, we read his glowing pages, or else, by way of necessary relaxation from fatiguing labors of the *week*, we will go down to Eli's or to Savin Rock." In words like these, many justified their action, and the result was, a very small attendance at Society meetings. I am in doubt whether this non-attendance was the cause or the result of the want of interest which characterized the whole discussion. It matters not whether it was one or both. The fact was that the assembly could hardly survive one single debate, owing to this reflexive insensibility.

I will not say that the method of debating a single question produced this result, but the fact was palpable that it did not furnish inducements sufficient to create enthusiastic participation on the part of most members of the Society.

By the Legislative system, even though debate upon a certain question be dull and uninteresting, still, this cause alone will not act as formerly to drive men from the hall. It can be speedily closed, and then another resolution will come before the house, in which the dissatisfied member may be personally interested, and in the discussion of which his sympathies may lead him to an active participation.

In objection to this argument, it may be asserted that there is no presumption favoring the belief that this second resolution will create a greater interest than the first. That the first statement can stand, in its widest application, appears from two reasons. First, that the common sense of any body of men capable of meeting under the organization of an assembly, and most assuredly, of educated men, will, of necessity, be interested in certain questions. It is, to say the least, derogatory to the genius of the student to assert that, if he has no concern about some present question, he therefore cannot be interested in some question to come up in the future order of things. Secondly, no man can consistently complain of indifferent questions that may be debated, and thereby excuse himself from participation, for the reason that every one is allowed to offer resolutions of his own selection. Any member can bring before the Society a question of his own choice, on which he may previously have elaborated a most powerful argument, and then he is privileged to deliver this favorite production,

with a grace of elocution surpassing the concentrated eloquence of all orators for the last hundred years.

Besides this motive, another powerful one is found in the natural curiosity which will prompt men to listen to the discussion of one question, for the sake of comparing it with one of an entirely different nature, which is to follow. There will be not only curiosity to compare the general discussion with reference to the relative merits of the different questions, but also curiosity to measure the abilities of the same individual as he argues successively upon subjects of different character,—for instance, upon questions of religion, government, literature, etc. Growing out of this curiosity to listen to others, is the desire to essay one's own powers in this varied discussion.

Various motives combine to attract men to the hall, to interest their attention when there, and inspire them with a desire to actively participate in debate.

2. The system is in itself desirable, as giving a direct acquaintance with the minutiae of parliamentary practice. In this country, where every man has frequent occasion to participate in the action of an organized assembly, it is of great importance that he should be cognizant of the approved method of transacting deliberative business. No one is exempt from these requirements. The education for such contingencies is acquired to a certain degree in every debating Society connected with our Colleges and schools. But, usually, it is only partial. Now, the Legislative system involves all principles that govern Congressional Sessions, and therefore, by imparting a knowledge of the whole parliamentary code, prepares a man for systematic action in any assembly. Such being the comprehensiveness of the system, and ample opportunity being given, according to a former argument, for the full exercise of the same, we realize its superiority to the old method, and measure its excellence in the same ratio by which we accord preëminence to the universal over the partial. Mention of these characteristics must suffice to show the merits of the Legislative system, and the expediency of its adoption into our Society organizations.

It may be proper to observe the practical results. The system was introduced at the beginning of the present term, and now, after giving it a fair trial, we can fairly judge of its operations and pronounce verdict of success or failure.

Its practical workings have not always been commensurate with its theoretical capacities. The fond anticipations of some sanguine originators of the plan, have not been fully verified by the anticipated

universal reaction and enthusiastic support from every member. But, notwithstanding this, its workings have been, in the main, successful. The debates have been characterized by energy and enthusiasm, and have been participated in by a large number of members. The halls have generally been filled, and the close attention given to the discussion, and the manifest interest by which the members have been animated, are, to say the least, an improvement on the past, and a promising sign for the future.

What if we have not accomplished all that the system proposes, and have not always comported ourselves in a manner that would be demanded in the Senate chamber? In the incipient stage, we must not look for full development,

If the consideration of this subject shows that individual enthusiasm and activity have been awakened under its agency, that, under its regime, the Societies have manifested increased energy, then ought we to acknowledge its success. The tendency to perfection is that which is necessary in stamping any institution as successful. And all who have faithfully observed the workings of our society systems will concur with me, in believing that these elements have characterized the Societies under the Legislative system.

If its introduction has been marked by these results, we must admit the expediency of permanently incorporating a system whose intrinsic merits have stood the test of experience, and have gained a most radical triumph over conservative obstinacy.

T. F.



### *After Sumter.*

[WRITTEN IN APRIL, 1861, ON LEARNING OF THE FALL OF FORT SUMTER.]

The time that tries men's souls!  
Not in the horrors of an actual war,—  
Cowards are brave when safety is in flight;  
Not when contagion gaunt or famine rolls,—  
*Their* power 'tis no disgrace to shun by flight:  
Though these press hard and sore,  
They test not to the core.

The time that tries men's souls!  
In the still hush before the blasts of death  
When men stand gazing at th' advancing foe,—  
And all that's dear in life and safety rolls  
Before their hearts, that doubt and waver, so,—  
Till Duty whispering saith:  
"There's something worse than death!"

The time that tries *our* souls!  
Not past, when treason first was brought to light;  
And not hereafter, 'mid the battle rush  
When tocsin peals or solemn death-bell tolls;  
But *now*, in expectation's solemn hush,  
When *in us* is the fight  
'Twixt selfish Peace, and Right!

And shall we now recoil?  
*In front* indeed are glowering deadly fires—  
*Behind*, disgrace to Freedom's sacred cause!  
Before her holy scutcheon aught shall soil,  
We'll rush, if need be, in Destruction's jaws!  
The memory of our sires  
To such resolve inspires.

What though fraternal blood  
In mad assault upon our truth be split,  
And to the horses' bridles surge and flow?  
With faith in God we'll stem the horrid flood,  
And cry, while smiting down each traitor foe,  
"Oh Heaven! Not *ours* the guilt  
Of this embloodied hilt!"

Brothers, stand firm and true!  
The destinies of other lands than ours  
Are trembling in the balance which you hold;  
The lines of centuries converge to you;  
Past, future, ages cry—Be firm! Be bold!  
In these few pregnant hours  
You wield unmeasured powers.

Leave the results to God.  
The stern and solemn duties of the hour  
Unflinching let us meet, and do like men:  
Fear nothing but the vengeance of *His* rod;  
Reck not our blindness o'er His boundless ken;  
But trust His love and power  
Though threatening tempests lower.

And can that noble fane  
Of Liberty, our own beloved land,  
Built with such toils and hallowed with such prayers,  
By frantic traitors now be rent in twain?  
Away such faithless and unworthy fears!  
—A handful thrown of sand  
Against a temple grand!

Almighty Lord and King,  
Whom all the empires of the earth obey  
With guardian favor Thou hast kept our land,  
Till now, beneath the shadow of Thy wing,  
Not to be shattered by Thy vengeful hand,  
But to extend Thy sway  
Till dawns the Perfect Day!

Oh Thou of knowledge wide  
Through both eternities and boundless space,  
Who from the genesis hast known the end,—  
Through this dark hour unscathed our country guide!  
Keep us from *sin* whatever may impend:  
Then, hidden though Thy face,  
We'll trust Thy might and grace.

Oh grant us faith in Thee!  
To share Thy scorn of feeble men arrayed  
Against their Maker, and Thy love for those  
Who fight for truth, assured of victory,  
Though countless be the odds of human foes.  
Whose hearts on Thee are stayed  
Can never be afraid.

\* \* \* \*

I see a vision sweet  
Of an approaching and thrice blessed time,  
When in our land, united as before,  
Truth, Freedom, Harmony, again shall meet,  
To be dissevered never, never more!  
And not a single crime  
Disturb that peace sublime!

## The Class Ivy.

THE sacredness or love which clings to any custom depends, in part, upon its antiquity. As time goes by, it wears ever a more dignified and attractive garb. Posterity may, here and there, crop out radical evils, but the main idea, if in itself good, still lives. With us, no College custom is held sacred, simply because it is a College custom, though all claim on that account a goodly share of affection. We have at last nearly purged the programme of time-honored ceremonies, from every feature, whether serious or comical, which is in character pernicious or demoralizing. There is a candid, generous spirit pervading every Class, that instinctively discountenances evil and cleaves to the right. There must be unanimity of feeling, nay more, a positive love for a given ceremony, to secure its permanence. Thus, the "Burial of Euclid" dates its decline and death from the period when the majority refused its sanction.

Of the customs in vogue at the present time, it is our purpose to speak of one which is more beautiful and symbolic than any other, and which bears in itself the elements of its own perpetuity namely, the planting of the Class ivy.

The ivy is the treasured vine of the poet and the scholar. Past ages have held it in veneration, wreathing its pliant stems about their shrines, altars, and sacred deities. Horace makes mention of the ivy, as the reward of learned brows.

"Me doctorum hederæ præmia frontium  
Dis miscent superis."

Virgil, in the Georgics, thrice praises its freshness and beauty. The Greeks were wont to crown the festive bowl with ivy and laurel, and the Grecian matrons twined it in their hair. It was particularly adapted, by its ever-green appearance and winding nature, to play an important part at their convivial gatherings. All Egypt held it sacred. With us it has been adopted, not so much for antique renown as for lasting natural beauty. The laurel, or at least its species, might have been selected, but the laurel drops its foliage with the Winter's blast. The myrtle was in much esteem with the ancients, but, from its groveling nature, is ill adapted to modern taste. The ivy seems most ap-



propriate, and, above all vines, stands unrivaled. Once plant it rightly, its future progress is certain.

The ceremony of planting the ivy dates not farther back than '53. From that time onward, for a few consecutive years, the vines, through some mismanagement, seemed destined to die. The custom, that each member of the Class should contribute to its nourishment, by sprinkling a handful of soil about the roots, thus leaving it to start from the loose earth, may not, perhaps, have been conducive to its growth. From '59 to the present time, it has vigorously flourished, so that one can easily mark the gradation from the oldest vine to that last year contributed by '63.

What peculiar motives, if any, influenced the institutors of the ceremony, is enveloped in mystery. Suffice it, however, for our object, that the custom still exists, and bears with it, in the heart of every graduate, emotions of more than ordinary significance. It is the last act in which every Class, as a Class, participates. Presentation Day, from the very nature of its exercises, has almost totally eclipsed Commencement. The major part of the students, enter at once upon their professional labors, a few only remaining either to witness or take active part in its final, formal scenes.

Comparisons of the growth and progress of man, with the vegetable world, are of frequent occurrence. The vine is made the basis of a significant simile in the Scriptures. May we not find in our own progress an analogy to that of the ivy? A Class is on the eve of graduation. The vine has been torn from its native soil and transplanted, through the agency of many hands, to the foot of the Library walls. No trellis serves as its support, no hand directs its straying tendrils. The ivy selects its path, and takes an independent course, groping for a while on the earth, as if to gather new strength, preparatory to clambering upward. We too change our location, and leave these scenes of disciplinary toil, to engage in every possible activity. Obscurity is at first the lot of every man, but the time is not mis-spent. It serves as a breathing time, in which to collect anew our energies and map out a chart for future guidance. Years may add to our reputation, and give us prominence among men, but they will effect a corresponding change in our ivy. From its deeply-imbedded roots, will radiate new branches, all emanating from one common parent-stem, but each pursuing its own chosen path, and ultimately crowning the classic walls with verdure.

Mark, now, the vine in the length of its shoots, and their respective vigor. One seems scarcely able to raise its head above the earth,

stunted as it is in growth, and yet with stems more tough and hardy than the rest. Another clambers up the wall to a moderate height, and then, apparently satisfied, stops in its course. A third and fourth, like Olympic competitors, seem to jostle one another in the race; their branches, running side by side, vie with each other in their upward course. So will it be with us. The standard we may assume as the goal of earthly honors, will be attained by few. Yet, to them, life's pilgrimage is not a whit the less earnest or its cause less worthy. The trailing shoots we would liken to the educated man in private life, to the humble citizen whose name may scarce reach beyond the narrow limits of his native place. It is not the most luxuriant vine that produces the richest fruit. We have seen that of the grape encircle some giant tree, its branches winding, in their death-like embrace, to the very top, but where is the fruit? Turn now to the hill-side's scraggy vines and behold its rich purple clusters. There is work to accomplish in the humblest walks of life. The highest fame oft fails of worthy ends. The lowliest peasant may wear a crown more truly noble than his king. Those tendrils which shoot to a modest height, may be compared to the majority in professional life, not "known and read of all men," but whose ability is readily acknowledged by the many. It is the golden mean, between the highest aspirations for fame, and that feeling of contentment, springing from an unblemished character. The loftiest branches may be aptly likened to the very few, who seem to have "toiled while others slept," and, by dint of natural talent and untiring assiduity, to have outstripped the rest. But the highest worldly elevations are in many respects unenviable. The tallest trees suffer most from the passing gale. The higher a man's position in society, the greater his responsibility, and ten-fold greater the temptations to wrong doing.

Note now the ivy's appearance in early spring. The tendrils do not exhibit equally the same signs of vitality. The rigorous Winter has left its visible trace upon both leaves and shoots. Here a branch has outlived the storms, and puts forth its tender leaves, at the season's call, while, by its side, another, less fortunate, deprived of foliage, discloses its withered stem. The progress of the vine is, however, only suspended. The coming Summer clothes it with its natural green and, in place of the seared, you behold the living shoot. Lop off the branches as you will, they reappear. Sever the vine to its very root, it will sprout again. There is a perseverance, a seemingly indomitable will, characterizing the ivy, which affords a fitting example of determined character. Life is, at best, an up-hill road, but, on

this account, not the less pleasant. One, wearied at the outset, scarce attempts the ascent. Another maintains his footing to a goodly height. A third reaches the summit. Unflagging exertion is the secret of success. Difficulties, swelling perchance to formidable dimensions, may and will, throughout life, oppose our efforts, but he who faithfully patterns after the vine, which brooks no obstacles, will overcome them. Though a man's progress be effectually checked in a given direction, if he be only determined, his energies will speedily find vent in another.

Yes! The ivy is symbolic both of the present and of the future, and in coming years, when those walls shall be environed and beautified by its green mantle, and we stray back to the scenes of early manhood, few will fail to pay at least a passing homage to their Class ivy,—that faithful reminder of College days.

"Then may rapid recollection  
Span the many years between,  
May we pray in sad affection  
*Father, keep their memories green."*

Whatever, then, may in time befall our cherished customs; whatever new ones are instituted or old ones revived; the planting of the Class ivy, a ceremony so simple in itself, yet fraught with so deep a meaning, will ever be regarded, as at once the most beautiful and the most expressive bequeathed to Yale.

W. G. P.



### Retorts.

Startled reader of the Lit. posters, did you fear a lecture on Chemistry? Did visions of  $Al_2O_3$ ,  $SiO_3$ ,  $2HO + 3(HO,SO_3) + aq = SiO_3 + A_2OL_3 + 3SO_3 + aq$  and of uneasy seats rise before your mind? If so, you were pretty much egregiously "sold." I propose to lucubrate on repartee as practised (?) at this big school. The objects which I propose to myself, are two-fold. First, to induce some benevolent "grad." to found a Professorship of Vituperation. Second, to get "shute" of these pestering editors of the Lit.

The first argument which I wish to bring up, in favor of my plan of reducing it to a science, is the question: Why should we not? It would tend to raise the style of our conversation. Every one who has been through College knows that the principal part of a student's time is spent in running down his fellow-students, either before their backs or behind their faces. Now if this "black-guarding" as it is technically termed, is worth doing at all, as some contend it is, we have the authority of B. Franklin, that it is worth doing well.

Now, what can be more disheartening to a man, than to meet with such fearfully stinging retorts, as are in vogue in College at present. For instance:—the other day, while on a search through one of our large and populous entries for a book, I stopped in a room and asked: "Do you know where my Spaulding is?" Some one inside yelled: "If you think this is yours, you lie." Shade of Douglas Jerrold! would you not rest unquiet in your grave, if you should hear such base profanations of that science in which you so excelled? Some one, I know not whom, has said, that if, in these days, a person has three replies at his command, and will use them indiscriminately, he will become eminently successful at repartee,—so called. The replies alluded to are these;—*Tu quoque*, *Tu mentiris* and *Vos damnamini*. Even these would be an improvement on the wit practised here, for they would savor of some slight acquaintance with the classics. I am inclined almost to believe that the science of sarcasm should be considered as among the lost arts. Even our statesmen, now-a-days, when attempting anything of the kind, fall into the lowest style of personal abuse. Shakespeare somehow manages to crowd into his dramas more biting wit than can be found in all the other writings extant, and, in any of the old English comedies, one may find more sarcasm "as is sarcasm," than in fifty times their bulk of modern pieces.

Contrast, those of you who are posted in such things, the extravagance of the American Cousins, a piece which makes more pretensions to wit, than perhaps any other of these days,—contrast it, I say, with the Comedy of the School for Scandal, and see the difference which exists. One is a coarse, ill-arranged burlesque, with little but its ridiculousness to recommend it. The other, although written in times when people spoke their thoughts more freely than at present, is a refined caricature in which there are a hundred really witty things, for every one in the American Cousins, and each of these witty things is either a bitterly satirical hit at human nature, or a cutting sarcasm on customs then prevalent.

For this existing state of evils I see no remedy, unless, as I propose, the thing is reduced to a science, and our young men are educated in

it as in any other accomplishment, for an accomplishment it certainly is. Who has not seen and pitied many a luckless wight, on whom some one has said a good thing, blushing, stammering, confused, and only increasing his troubles by his clumsy endeavors to get out of the scrape.

Reader, do you suppose that if that man had \$100 in "greenbacks" in his pocket, he would not gladly give them to be able to turn the joke from himself to his tormentor?

Particularly is skill in this department required in one who devotes himself to the fair "sect." Most of the dear creatures are eternally getting off some cut at you which it would be extremely uncourteous to return in College fashion, and, ten to one, you know no other.

I ought, perhaps, to have made it more clear at first, that a marked distinction is to be drawn between the coarser kinds of abuse and mal-ediction proper. Swearing at a person is very unsatisfactory. It does him no harm whatever, and is become so common at College as to be almost unnoticed. Therefore, don't swear. But find out a man's weak points and don't use your knowledge carelessly. Wait until he gets off some joke on you, and then bring up your reserve. It will have all the more effect if he does not suspect that you are possessed of the information. But, above all things, never make a feeble "counter." If you can't get off something as good or better than he did, let him alone and your temporary defeat will make you think sharper next time; whereas, if a third or fourth rate retort is once made, you will be tempted to be satisfied with something of the same kind, next time.

For the benefit of future Freshmen who wish to obtain a high reputation while in College, for proficiency in this art, I subjoin a list of the more favorite expressions now rife in College. They are to be used plentifully and indiscriminately, and success is certain or the money refunded.

P. S. The printer says he "can't wait any longer, nohow," and so, as I haven't time to make out the list now, I will do so in a day or two and therefore beg leave to append the following

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

A retired Clergyman, whose sands of life have nearly run out, and who was born a great natural bone-setter and who is the seventh daughter of a seventh son, and who discovered the great all-healing herb in India, having recently published, in duodecimo form, a catalogue of all the best conundrums, witty sayings and doings, jokes, neat replies, &c., being of a benevolent turn of mind, and wishing to distribute this knowledge among his fellow men, will send a copy of the above to any address in Yale College or the Scientific School, on receipt of one red postage stamp for return mail. Address

L. S.

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### Prizes for English Composition.

THE following prizes have been awarded to members of the Sophomore Class, for excellence in English Composition:—

|                      | FIRST DIVISION.                | SECOND DIVISION. | THIRD DIVISION. |
|----------------------|--------------------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| <i>First Prize,</i>  | { C. H. Adams,<br>James Brand, | G. C. Holt,      | H. O. Whitney.  |
| <i>Second Prize,</i> | Hamilton Cole,                 | F. N. Judson,    | A. R. Parsons.  |
| <i>Third Prize,</i>  | Edmund Coffin,                 | Lewis Lamfman,   | L. C. Wade.     |

### Changes in the Faculty.

Dr. PLINY A. JEWETT has been obliged to resign his position as Professor of Obstetrics, on account of the absorbing demands upon his time of the Knight General Hospital, of which he is in charge. Dr. STEPHEN G. HUBBARD has been appointed to the vacant chair.

EDWARD B. COE, of the Class of 1862, has been appointed Professor of Modern Languages. In accordance with the terms of the foundation of the Street Professorship, he is to spend three years in Paris, before entering upon his duties here.

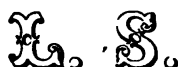
LEBEUS C. CHAPIN, the veteran Tutor in Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, resigned at the beginning of the present term. His place was filled by the appointment of FRANKLIN B. DEXTER, of the Class of 1861.

### Brothers in Unity.

### Linonia.

The elections of the Literary Societies were held on the 30th of March, with the following result:—

|                        |                        |                    |
|------------------------|------------------------|--------------------|
|                        | <i>President,</i>      |                    |
| WALTON W. BATTERSHALL. |                        | HENRY P. BOYDEN.   |
|                        | <i>Vice President,</i> |                    |
| HORACE D. PAINE.       |                        | EHRLMAN S. NADAL.  |
|                        | <i>Orator,</i>         |                    |
| HENRY A. STIMSON.      |                        | GEORGE S. MERRIAM. |
|                        | <i>Censor,</i>         |                    |
| MATTHEW C. D. BORDEN.  |                        |                    |
|                        | <i>Secretary,</i>      |                    |
| HENRY C. MCCREARY.     |                        | TOLIVER F. CASKEY. |
|                        | <i>Vice Secretary,</i> |                    |
| ISAAC PIERSON.         |                        | JAMES BRAND.       |



The Prize Exercises of the L. S. Society of the Sheffield Scientific School, were held on Wednesday evening, March 30th.

*Committee of Awards.*

Prof. CHESTER S. LYMAN, B. A.,      Prof. JOHN A. PORTER, M. D.,  
Prof. WILLIAM D. WHITNEY, P. D.

The 1st Prize for Essay, was awarded to Edwin W. Carpenter.

" 2d " " " Charles Bill.

" 1st " Oration, " George D. Coit.

" 2d " " " { Charles Bill,  
Frederick Farnsworth.

The subject of the Essays was "Burr's Conspiracy;" that of the Orations was "The Discipline of War."

The L. S. Society holds the same position in the Scientific School, that is held in the Academical department by the Brothers' and Linonian Societies. It is now in a very flourishing condition.

**State Election.**

A friend has handed us the following statement of the number of persons connected with the College, who voted at the late State Election, and of the number of votes cast for either party. It will be a matter of interest, both to the students of the present day and to those who will look back in future years, to know what part Yale has taken in the momentous issues which are now before the country:—

|                            | UNION. | DEMOCRATIC. |
|----------------------------|--------|-------------|
| Faculty,.....              | 38     | 2           |
| Theological Students,..... | 14     | 0           |
| Law ".....                 | 7      | 1           |
| Medical ".....             | 9      | 1           |
| Scientific ".....          | 8      | 0           |
| Seniors,.....              | 47     | 3           |
| Juniors,.....              | 34     | 1           |
| Sophomores,.....           | 10     | 1           |
| Freshmen,.....             | 6      | 0           |
|                            | <hr/>  | <hr/>       |
| Total,                     | 173    | 9           |

**A Correction.**

Some misunderstanding having prevailed and being likely to prevail, with reference to the late course of two of the present Editors, it has been thought proper to submit the following correspondence:—

**Mr. S. C. DARLING:—**

*Sir*,—In behalf of the Board of Editors for '65, I have the honor to invite you to a repast at Savin Rock, Wednesday evening, March 30, 1864.

Tuesday Evening. T. BULKLEY,  
Chairman of the Board.  
A similar invitation was also extended to Mr. GREGORY.

**Mr. T. BULKLEY:—**

*Dear Sir*,—Yours of the 29th is at hand. The fact that the editorial courtesy you present, in behalf of your Board, has heretofore been extended to all the members of the retiring Board, and to none beside, endorses a most respectful refusal of your invitation, by Mr. GREGORY and myself.

SAMUEL C. DARLING,  
Chairman of Board for '64.

30th March, 1864.

**Promenade Concert.**

The annual Promenade Concert, under the auspices of the Junior Class, took place on Tuesday evening, April 5th.

**PROGRAMME.****PART I.**

- |                                |              |
|--------------------------------|--------------|
| Overture, "Zampa,"             | HEROLD.      |
| 1. Quadrille, "Lieder,"        | STRAUSS.     |
| 2. Polka, "Papageno,"          | STASNG.      |
| 3. Lanciers, "Ballo,"          | HELMSMÜLLER. |
| 4. Galop, "Bride of the Wind," | HELMSMÜLLER. |

**PART II.**

- |                                 |              |
|---------------------------------|--------------|
| Selection, "Faust,"             | GOUNOD.      |
| 5. Quadrille, "Etoile du Nord," | STRAUSS.     |
| 6. Waltz, "First Flirtation,"   | STRAUSS.     |
| 7. Lanciers, "Faust,"           | HELMSMÜLLER. |

**PART III.**

- |                                   |              |
|-----------------------------------|--------------|
| Selection, "Serenade,"            | SCHUBERT.    |
| 8. Galop, "Ariel,"                | HELMSMÜLLER. |
| 9. Lanciers, "Orphée aux Enfers," | HELMSMÜLLER. |
| 10. Redowa Waltz, "Faust,"        | HELMSMÜLLER. |



## PART IV.

|                                             |               |
|---------------------------------------------|---------------|
| Selection, "Rigoletto,"                     | VERDI.        |
| 11. Quadrille, "Freihugeln,"                | STASNG.       |
| 12. Redowa Polka, "Czarina,"                | HELMSTMÜLLER. |
| 13. Lanciers, "Old friends with new faces," | HELMSTMÜLLER. |
| 14. Galop, "Ione,"                          | HELMSTMÜLLER. |

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**Junior Exhibition.**

The Junior Exhibition of the Class of '65, occurred on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, the 6th of April.

**ORDER OF EXERCISES.****AFTERNOON.**

1. Music: Overture, Nabuco.—*Verdi*.
2. Latin Oration, "De Romanis apud exteras gentes agentibus," by CHARLES HENRY SMITH, Beirût, Syria.
3. Oration, "The Thinker and the Worker," by HENRY BURNHAM MEAD, Hingham, Mass.
4. Dissertation, "The Age of Chivalry," by BENJAMIN CLAPP RIGGS, Newport, R. I.
5. Music: Upidee Galop.—*Helmstmüller*.
6. Dissertation, "The Radicalism of Henry Clay," by JAMES EDWARD CHANDLER, Mexico, N. Y.
7. Dissertation, "Thackeray," by COURTNEY SMITH KITCHEL, Detroit, Mich.
8. Oration, "The French in Mexico," by HENRY CHURCHILL, Gloversville, N. Y.
9. Music: Cujus Animam, (Stabat Mater.)—*Rossini*.
10. Dissertation, "Ignatius Loyola," by CHARLES EDWARD BLAKE,\* New Haven.
11. Oration, "Robespierre," by WILLIAM TOMPKINS COMSTOCK, Stamford.
12. Oration, "Philip of Macedon," by CHARLES PINCKNEY BLANCHARD, Richmond, Ind.
13. Music: President Lincoln's March.—*Helmstmüller*.
14. Dissertation, "Virginia," by TUZAR BULKLEY, Catskill, N. Y.
15. Oration, "The Ancient and Modern Philosophies," by JOHN BRANDEGEE WOOD, Morristown, N. J.
16. Music: Student Songs of Yale.—*Helmstmüller*.
17. Oration, "Oliver Cromwell," by MARSHALL RICHARD GAINES, Granby.

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\* Excused from speaking.

18. Philosophical Oration, "The Athenian Democracy," by ROBERT PORTER KEEPE, Hartford.

19. Music: Express Train Galop.—*Helmsmüller*.

#### EVENING.

1. Music: Overture, Stradella.—*Flotow*.

2. Greek Oration, "Σωκράτης ενώπιον τῶν δικαστῶν," by JOHN EDWARD BROOKS, New York City.

3. Dissertation, "Reformers, the ministers of Truth," by MORRIS MUMFORD BUDLONG, Utica, N. Y.

4. Oration, "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew," by GOUVERNEUR MORRIS THOMPSON, Seymour.

5. Music: Enchantress' March.—*Balfé*.

6. Oration, "Dr. Kane," by JAMES GLYNN GREGORY, Norwalk.

7. Oration, "The Soul of Music," by SIMEON OLMSTED ALLEN, Enfield.

8. Dissertation, "The Religion of Art," by TOLIVER FRANKLIN CASKEY, Cincinnati, O.

9. Music: Serenade.—*Schubert*.

10. Oration, "Charles Kingsley," by HENRY ALBERT STIMSON, Paterson, N. J.

11. Oration, "East Tennessee," by JOSEPH HENRY ISHAM, New Haven.

12. Music: Congress Ball.—*Lanner*.

13. Dissertation, "Count Cavour," by JOHN DALZELL, Pittsburgh, Pa.

14. Oration, "The Rule of the People," by WILLIAM STOCKING, Waterbury.

15. Music: Shadow Dance.—*Meyerbeer*.

16. Philosophical Oration, "Obedience to Law," by PAYSON MERRILL, Stratham, N. H.

17. Philosophical Oration, "The Liberty of Law," by JOHN LEWIS EWELL, Byfield, Mass.

18. Music: Soldiers' Chorus and March, (Faust).—*Berg*.

### Editor's Table.

It is our misfortune, oh! College World, that we must talk *at* you and not *with* you here,—that we cannot gather you all about this venerable table, for a cozy, quiet talk, wherein to exchange ideas and good wishes. As it is, our greetings, advice, commendation, or whatever else, must take the weary journey from the mind, down the arm, over the pen, to the printer's, and to and fro, for the correction of his innumerable evil renderings, and, finally, to the College Bookstore. How can we offer to you the pleasant words that make your and our ideal of an Editor's Table, when they must first go through such a process of gradual freezing? A week hence, you will get your copies of the "Lit.," and, some time, when you are too tired or too sleepy to do any thing else, you will take them up, and judge these words harshly as a work of art. How shall any naturalness be left in our ideas, after a contemplation of such a prospect? But, let us do our best toward really imagining that all College is really gathered about this glowing fire, on this rainy, windy, dreary night, and that we, "the Autocrat of the" Editor's "Table," are talking, while we read sympathy and interest in the faces of each one. Draw up closer together, then, fellow-students, while we heap on the coal, and bid defiance to the elements, and let us make this Table of the "Lit." a medium through which we shall come to a better knowledge of each other, a greater sympathy for each other's successes or failures, and a greater charity in judging of each other's characters and motives.

How glad we all are, that at last old Yale is coming to be appreciated by the rich! Many of their good deeds have already been chronicled in these pages; it is our privilege, now, to add to the list.

First, there is the gift, by some unknown benefactor, of eighty thousand dollars, for the erection of a model dormitory. The present plan is to build it on the Elm street front of the College Square, and the work is to be begun immediately. It is proposed to furnish it with all the modern improvements, so that the students of future years shall really have comfortable, home-like rooms, instead of such dilapidated barracks as North Middle and South Middle supply. It is probable that Divinity College will have to come down, to make room for the new dormitory. It is a noble gift, and class after class, for many years to come, will remember, with gratitude and astonishment, the liberality and the modesty of their unknown friend.

But, furthermore, Augustus R. Street, of New Haven, a liberal friend of the College, and the founder of the Professorship of Modern Languages, has added to his good works, by offering to build an Art Building, upon the corner of Chapel and High streets, provided the Corporation accept the offer, and clear away the buildings which now occupy the spot. This is a worthy object, and the only serious objection to the plan must arise from the fact that the revenues from the buildings which are to be removed, can be but illy spared, especially at the present

time. It is to be hoped that the College will be able to avail itself of the munificent offer of Mr. Street.

It is also proposed to erect a dormitory for the Theological Students, on the vacant lot opposite Alumni Hall. Already, the greater part of the necessary twenty-five thousand dollars have been raised.

The Laboratory will probably be removed during the present Summer.

Five years hence, we shall hardly recognize this old Campus. North Middle must soon fall to pieces, even if no hand helps in its destruction. South Middle and the Lyceum, our last relics of the 18th century, will soon follow its example. It will be really sad to part with these two old landmarks. They once sustained alone the title and dignity of Yale; they have watched the city and College grow up around them; so that it seems as if, with them, we should lose all hold upon the almost forgotten years when the wandering Academy strayed up hither from Old Saybrook, and settled down finally on this old square.

The last five years have witnessed the building of Sheffield Hall, the Gymnasium, and the Boat House, the removal of the old "President's House," and many minor but important changes. In five years more, we may confidently expect to see the new Academical and Theological dormitories, the new Chapel, and the Art Building, while many things, which now disfigure the College grounds, will have been cleared away. Perhaps, even the much-talked-of Peabody Hall, and the Astronomical Observatory, will be less vaguely things of the future.

Surely, these are great days for Yale. It is well that we can, with no thought of envy, congratulate future Classes on the enjoyment of these good things. Speed on the good work! until all the wonderful powers for good, which old Yale possesses, are brought into full and vigorous exercise.

Speaking of the Chapel, reminds us of the question of a friend:—"Why is it that young men, who, at home, are accustomed to behaving decently at church, should sprawl about as so many do at the services at Chapel?" The cause is, evidently, that the seats are so utterly destructive of comfort, and the building so illy ventilated, that the students are anxious to drown their woes, even at the expense of respectability. But, certainly, no one will think of offering that as an excuse.

It is fitting that the historian should pause a moment to drop a tear over the misfortunes of the deeply lamented Ajax, to call to mind his many endearing qualities and to bewail our own bereavement. Animated by that spirit for charging, which is peculiar to all the Jewish race, he made a raid upon the money-drawer of Bundy and Williams. Overpowered by vastly superior numbers, he fell back in good order, bringing off, however, four dollar-ous and fifty cents-ible prisoners. At the Park House, his retreat was intercepted and he was obliged, after a vigorous defense, to surrender. He has since, by sentence of general Court Martial, been sent to the State Reform School, for the period of nine months. We have no remarks to offer. The deepest grief can find no relief in words.

In connection with this feat of the City Police, there is another, which is worthy of record. The glass of a street lamp was heard to smash; the police started for the scene of action and found three Sophomores wending their way quietly college-ward. The three were deposited in the jug, and, when morning came, were dismissed for want of evidence! What valorous and wise protectors of the public peace are these men in blue!

It should also be chronicled that three-fourths of the Junior class are rejoicing in the fact, that five marks have been put to each one's credit upon the books. Verily, marks are among the things that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

We are also reminded by the action of sundry members of the Junior Class, that the old motto, "Be sure you're right; then go ahead!" may sometimes be rendered: "Be sure you're ahead; then go as near right as is convenient." There is a noble saying of honest Will. Shakespeare, which reads:

"This above all : to thine own self be true,  
And it must follow as the night the day,  
Thou can'st not then be false to any man."

How base that sentiment becomes, when truth to one's self is interpreted to apply only to narrow and local interests! Surely, the College has rarely seen a more signal illustration of the theory and practice of those who humble themselves that they may be exalted.

Concerning the other classes, there is not much to say. The Seniors are working on their Townsends; the Juniors are reposing on the laurels won at the Promenade Concert and Junior Exhibition; the Sophomores are writing their prize compositions. Concerning the Freshmen, we confess our ignorance. Their present quiet must be a sign that they are laying up stands that no Sophomore mathematics shall overwhelm. All classes are buried deep in the woes of examination. Certainly, all, without distinction of class, are looking forward to the Spring Vacation with unalloyed satisfaction.

We have received from a friend a review of Hall's "College Words and Customs." We have not room to insert it entire, but the following, from the author's summary of his ideas, seem worthy of a place in the Table.

**Corrections of Hall's "College Words and Customs," suggested by three and a half years spent at Yale.**

*Admonition.*—A reminder to lively young men, that College Laws are a dead letter, and that there's no great reason to be afraid of them.

*Alumni.*—The name of an Association of old gents, who convene biennially, triennially,—in fact, almost any-ally, to eat a scanty meal, and awe Freshmen by an imposing procession, headed by the College Drum-Major.

*Banger.*—A heavy cane, brought out by Freshmen and Sophomores, when a fight is threatened, and carried home by the owner, as soon as there is a prospect of the fight commencing. Its principal use is for mixing hot drinks; thus employed, it becomes associated with many hallowed remembrances, and often acquires great renown; as, for instance, OLD WHISKEY, of the Senior Class.

*Butler's Analogy.*—An attempt to prove something, by observing the likeness between everything and anything else.

*Chapel.*—The principal College dormitory.

*Class Book.*—Forty dollars' worth of daring caricatures of the human face.

*Class Meeting.*—A tumultuous mob of irrational animals, trying to do fifty things at once in bad temper and tobacco smoke.

*Committee.*—A body of men, organized ostensibly to transact some business, in reality to collect money from Students, and spend it at Savin Rock or the New Haven House.

*Half Lessons.*—A name applied with no special propriety to the lessons assigned for Monday and Thursday mornings.

*Junior Exhibition.*—An annual display of the stultifying effects of two years digging.

*Letter Home.*—A mild scare practised upon the parents of under-graduates.

*Lit.*—Formerly the name of the College Magazine; now applied to anything got up in brown paper covers, and purporting to be "conducted by the Students of Yale College."

*Matriculation.*—A ceremony consisting in a pledge given by each student of Yale College to the Faculty thereof, in which he promises to abstain from pretty much every thing, including drinking, card-playing and saying "darn." The effect of this engagement is to render College restraints less irksome, by eradicating from the man's mind, at the very outset of his student life, all conscientious scruples about lying.

*Navy.*—An association having a very precarious hold on a houseful of boats at the Steamboat Wharf.

*Peabody Haul.*—A big haul, someways off.

*Phi Beta Kappa.*—A band of brothers united for the purpose of giving method and solemnity to the ceremony of eating peanuts.

*Prayers.*—A performance carried on every morning at one end of the Chapel.

*Sweep.*—A College Officer, whose duty it is to arrange bed-clothes so as slightly to distinguish the head of the bed from the foot; to make a dense smoke by igniting the contents of a Kerosene Oil can somewhere in the vicinity of a fireplace; to scatter ashes on the floor, and finally to distribute around ashes and dust impartially by a skillful broom-flourish.

*Wooden Spoon Exhibition.*—A solemn burlesque of fun.

*Yale Race Crew.*—A favorite but mythical idea with our Commodore.

Well! it is time to bring these wandering remarks to an end. These words will have hardly reached you, reader, before you will be enjoying the sweets of vacation. Some of us go to the New York Sanitary Fair, some to the country for maple sugar, some to the fallow-land where the trailing arbutus nestles; and all, we hope, to pleasant times with dear friends at home. A pleasant vacation to you all! wherever you may go, and may you come back, at the beginning of another term, the heartier in mind and body for the relaxation.

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*Exchanges.*—We have received the following exchanges:—The Atlantic and Eclectic Monthlies, the Harvard, Nassau, Literary and Wabash Magazines, the Illinois Teacher, and the Beloit College Monthly.

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Our thanks are due to Dr. W. Lockwood Bradley, of the Class of '60, for a copy, sent from England, of the London "Sporting Life," giving an exceedingly interesting account of the 21st and "rubber" race between the boats of Oxford and Cambridge.

### Editors' Farewell.

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WE hear the tread of eager feet at our door. So we will lay down the pen and open to the newly elected.

May they enter a sanctum which shall be pleasant, very pleasant to them, so long as they shall remain there.

To you, Readers of the Lit., we extend more than a passing adieu. We cannot forget your hearty and scholarly support during the past year.

Has it not woven a humble little thread, at least, in the girdle of your strength and of ours? If so, a sacred blessing upon this, our past relation.

In the future, as in the past, may the influence of this, your Magazine, be ever watchful, fearless, honest.

SAMUEL C. DARLING,  
LEWIS GREGORY,  
WILLIAM A. PECK,  
HENRY M. WHITNEY,  
MOSELY H. WILLIAMS.

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H. W. MANSFIELD,  
HENRY F. TRITTON,  
T. P. MERWIN & Co.,  
WALKER & Co.,  
BOWDITCH & SON, and

F. C. FORD.

We cannot conclude our Editorial connection with the "Lit." without acknowledging our indebtedness to the above gentlemen, during the past year, and respectfully recommending their claims to the patronage of the Students of Yale.

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